

f the Lost.

WAR

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day, " 5th (Afternoon)
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un., Mon., Tues., February
th.

Text—A never failing friend.

The Saviour is calling, oh, hear His sweet voice:
"Salvation I freely will give."
Then come to the Saviour and make Him your choice,
Thy burden of sin shall be
Heaven or hell for ever to dwell,
In bliss or in misery,
Oh, come to this fountain, it's open for all,
The Saviour now calleth for thee.

CHORUS.

The Saviour calls for thee,
The Saviour calls for thee,
Oh, come just now, and make a vow
A soldier you will be:
For the Saviour calls for thee,
The Saviour calls for thee,
Take up your cross, or you'll be lost,
The Saviour calls for thee.

to have this world's pleasure, what joy can it bring
When you know that your soul will be left?
Oh, come to the Saviour—this noble great King,
Thy burden bring down to the cross.
Right down at the Saviour's feet,
He'll save you from sin, and misery, and woe,
Thy heart He will cleanse it complete.
Oh, why do you linger, or why will you wait?
Each hour brings you nearer your doom!
The Saviour is bidding you come unto Him,
As the Cross there is plenty of room.
Christ suffered for thee on Calvary's tree,
The debt was paid once and for all.
Oh, come to the Saviour, Christ's welcome for thee,
Respond to the Saviour's sweet call.

Text—We have no other argument. (D.S. M. M.)

10 Come, answer, now this precious day,
The Saviour died for thee;
He'll wash you in His precious blood,
And happy you shall be.

CHORUS.

We have no other argument

If only at the Cross you'll bow,
Your heart He'll wash white,
And help you in the coming day
To battle for the right.

Dear Saviour, keep each comrade true,
To Thee this coming year;
Help us to fight the battle through,
We'll stand from every fear.

Soldiers Shine!

SHINE WITH GOD. . . SHINE WITH ME.
Shine on Somebody Else's Dark Path
By ordering your COAL and WOOD from
our Social Reform, and thus help those in
deep need.

OFFICE: Cor. Wilton Ave. and Victoria St.
Tel. 761.

COAL AND WOOD BRANCH OFFICES: Light-
cote's Barracks, Tel. 2856. Yorkville
Barracks.

Do You Fight for God, Or are you simply drifting along on the current of your circumstances?

THE

NOW

IS the accepted time to be saved; NOW is the accepted time to fight for Jesus; NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO SNATCH SOULS FROM THE FIRE. Brothers, "up and at it!"

WAR

CRY



VOL. XI. No. 17. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JAN. 26, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



Toronto Aflame! It was an unparalleled disaster. The Firemen—Toronto's Heroes—rushed to the rescue. Robert Bowery laid down his life for the city. WANTED: More of that heroism on Christ's battlefield.

HOT SHOT AND CANDIES.

FIBED BY ENSIGN FRITH.

Perspiration isn't inspiration.

Overcoming means effort.

Be devil-proof.

Prayer is the nurse of faith.

We have received a whole book of the Acts of the Apostles, but not a page of their resolutions.

Dig the trenches, clear out the stones, the fire will come.

Some people chill you, always lower the spiritual atmosphere they enter; don't let your courage ooze out your finger tips. Keep your heart up.

One might sometimes think that instead of fire being the symbol of Christianity it was ice.

Be in your outward public life what you feel in your innermost soul you ought to be.

The devil may build a thick wall around you, he can't build one over your head. So look up.

The condition of true blessedness is in character, not condition.

You cannot live on yesterday's inspiration.

Every morning brings its own dew, so every morning brings you a fresh blessing. Get it.

When reading the Word of God are you a butterfly or bee?

Silence is the proper atmosphere of the cross.

Power escapes with words.

Every promise of God is a cheque, but few have learnt to cash them yet.

The true education of the soul consists not in much thinking, but in much living.

The more prayer the more power.

Iron doors open when the Lord leads the way.

Great saints are simply great covers.

Better limp with power like Jacob, than walk straight without it.

Your happiness consists not in where you are, but what you are.

We must fight the people, but our weapons must be truth and love.

When temptations press upon you, do you press upon God?

The very tone in which we speak should be a sanctified one.

I want not only to catch the Master's message, but the Master's tone.

The test of love is not feeling or speaking, but obeying.

Real religion in the first place must be hidden and secret.

All who have been strong for God have been strong in Him.

The man that God conquers can conquer earth and hell.

Don't eat mouldy bread, get daily fresh manna.

Every circumstance is a rough packing case, containing the gift of thy Father's precious love.

"Go straight for souls and go for the worst," says the General. (God bless him).

TORONTO AFLAME!

The City's Heroic Firemen.

THE PRESSING NEED OF THE HOUR.

"Two Acres of Smoking Ruins—A Great Fire in the Business Quarter of Toronto—The Globe Building Totally Destroyed—Fireman Robert Bowers Killed by Falling Walls—The Fire Spreads to Adjoining Structures—S. McKinnon's New Warehouse Completely Wrecked—Toronto Lithographing Company Loses Everything—Harry Webb's Building Gutted—Nicholas Rooney, the Brough Printing Company and Others, Large Losses—Many Firemen Injured—Fire Chief Ardagh Disabled—Brave Work of the Brigade."

So read the headlines over the "Globe's" columns of information respecting one of the most disastrous events in the history of Toronto.

Then came the record of the following bald facts. What a world of sadness to some hearts lies behind the short sentences!

Robert Bowers, killed.
Chief Ardagh, injured.
Silas Smedley, injured.
Robert Foster, injured.
Frank Forsyth, injured.

The fire started in the "Globe" newspaper building, at the corner of Yonge and Melinda streets. It was discovered by the night watchman a few minutes before three o'clock. He was on one of his regular rounds through the building when he opened the door of the boiler-room, and was met by a cloud of issuing smoke. He rang the fire alarm as quickly as he could, but the flames made such rapid headway that by the time the fire reels began to arrive the building was past saving.

Estimated loss, \$750,000.
Estimated insurance, \$305,000.

The firemen were working against terrible disadvantages. The water pressure would not throw a stream to the roof of the five and six storey buildings. To overcome this difficulty, the large aerial ladder was run on to Melinda street and placed in position with the intention of carrying up the hose and thus reach the top of the "Globe" building. When the ladder was almost in place it was found that the position was too hot to work in, and the order was countermanded by the foreman. This was five minutes past three o'clock, and before the ladder could be lowered a



ROBERT BOWERY.

portion of the "Globe" wall falling outward buried it and two men, Robert Bowers and Robert Foster, under its ruins. The injured men were taken out of the debris and removed to the General Hospital, where one of them, Robert Bowers, of the Lombard street hall, died a couple of hours later. Shortly afterwards three others of the brigade, including the chief himself, were added to the list of injured.

Nothing but the heavy fall of snow, which started about an hour ahead of the fire and quickly covered every object to the depth of three or four inches, saved the city from an appalling conflagration, the dimensions and destructiveness of which cannot be even guessed at.

Remarkable to relate, a second fire, broke out in the same neighborhood on Thursday night, January 10th, on which the "Toronto Mail" has the following:

A second great fire, and one even more calamitous than that of Sunday last, has visited the heart of Toronto, and taught us that this city will burn with just as angry and cruel a blaze as Milwaukee, as Chicago, or any other fire-swept city. The conflagration that broke out in the Osgoodby building last night, and bit its way into warehouse after warehouse till nearly a whole block was like a roaring furnace, is a catastrophe such as is calculated to awe the strongest of us. Even at a distance it was terrible—reddening the sky to the zenith. To those who stood on high places in the immediate neighborhood, the fire was like a fascinating scene of pandemonium. Again and again the flames leaped in a fiery volume from the blazing ruins. Again and again our brave firemen proved faithful to their trust, and foot by foot contested the ground of battle, risking their lives in the encounter, and working with magnificent courage and zeal.

Now, a word for the firemen: Compared with human life, dollars and cents and the worth they represent, are but dross.

Every man on the Fire Brigade is the centre of a realm peculiar to him—a circle of affection and sympathy—set at the call of duty these men—Toronto's heroes—are found ready to risk limb and life in the execution of their duty.

Such men are genuine heroes. We are proud of them. God bless our Fire Brigade men, and their clans throughout the Territory.

Poor Robert Bowers. Honored name. He died at his post. He has left behind some who are very sad at their loss. God bless and console them.

My such brave hearts and willing hands multiply throughout our broad Dominion.

But, reader! Are you a Christian—one of God's Fire Brigade?

Do you not hear the clanging of the alarm bell?
Souls—precious souls—immortal souls—are dying—every moment—while I write—while you read—dropping into the unextinguishable fire of a fully-awakened conscience! "Inextinguishable" did I say? Yes! True. Inextinguishable there, but here the fire may be stopped—they may be saved—the burning brands can be quenched in Jesus' blood. Hallelujah!

The case is desperate, but the remedy is at hand and gloriously equivalent to the need.

Unfortunately, Toronto's machinery for quenching fire was found totally inadequate.

The Flames Laughed

at the futile efforts of the noble firemen, but in the Salvation of Jesus Christ there is an ample supply.

Firemen! Here's the danger. Sin and death.

Here's the remedy,—the blood of Jesus.

The great, great, pressing need in Firemen. Men to bring Salvation to those ready to perish.

Hear you not the voice of the Lord God saying "Who will go for Us and whom shall I send?"

JOHN LYNN.

The Holiness Catling.

Holiness means hard work.

Holiness is a quality that "seeketh not her own."

Holiness condescends to men of low estate.

Holiness is the other extreme from frigid Christianity.

Holiness hates hypocrisy though it pities the hypocrite.

Holiness is the death of selfishness.

Holiness is strictly righteous; yes, it overflows with goodness.

Holiness is not the maudlin sentimentality sometimes mistaken for it.

Holiness has no mean tricks.

Holiness gives the glory to God.

Holiness is of a wonderfully kind nature.

Holiness did not think it too much to struggle bleeding to Calvary for a very coarse crew.

Holiness is a mighty sweetener to a sour spirit.

Holiness has a beautifully warm heart.

Holiness is love! love! love!!!



FAITHFUL—Firm in adherence to the truth and duties of religion.—Webster. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2. Let it be a deep-rooted principle in your life to be faithful, and here I might say, "tis the little things that form the principle. Are you loose in them, you will soon prove a traitor to God's cause.

FAITHLESS—False; disloyal; deceptive.—Webster.

FAINT—"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Gal. 6. 9. To become feeble; to be weak; to lose courage or spirit. Care, lose the patient from all tight clothing, such as, too high aspirations, looking too much for visible results and setting the heart more upon the work than upon God.

Let them breathe more of the heavenly atmosphere with many applications of water by the Word. If not recovered in 24 hours you're the first one it has failed to cure.

FAST—Giving the stomach a holiday, or lighter work, thereby fitting the mind better for devotion, also, mortifying the appetites. Sanctioned and practiced by our Saviour.

FAREWELL—A wish of happiness or welfare at parting; act of departure.

FAULTS—Errors by mistake of judgment; failures. hemselves. See how to deal with them. Matt. 18. 15; Gal. 6. 5.

I noticed at one corpse a sister uphold and defend her chum in a fault because she loved her. Later another sister of the corpse was accused of the same fault, and because she carried very little for her, she was one of the hardest in her denunciations. I told her about it and she with me, I believe, has gained a life-long reason on judging.

FEAR—"Fear God" Reverence, respect.

FELLOWSHIP.—Familiar intercourse; association. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." Eph. 5. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of His son Jesus Christ, our Lord." 1 Cor. 1. 9.

NAAMAN.

Extracts from the Commandant's Bible Reading.

"HE WAS ALSO A MIGHTY MAN OF VALOR."

So much so that we read the Lord had by him given deliverance. Valor, of course, is a good thing in itself. It is, too, an indispensable of success quite as much in Christ's cause as in any other; but God can sometimes use the valor and leave the valiant none.

It is a strange coincidence, that we can find in history reference to the deliverance here spoken of brought by this man Naaman in the fact that he is supposed to have been the one who drew the bow at a venture which smote Ahab and so brought the victory at that battle.



DREW A BOW AT A VENTURE, AND SMOTE AHAH.

There may be many who draw bows at a venture, who let fly their arrows without any very definite aim just to sport their own bravery. God may utilize their valor and guide their arrows into the heart of some bigger enemy, but leave the shooter none the better for his heroism.

Don't be mistaken, you who talk so much about your Christian work, your classes for young people, your tea parties, your visitation of the sick, and many other such things.

God forbid I should dampen your zeal in any good cause, but be not deceived, I say. In this matter it is possible for you, as it was for Naaman, to be bringing deliverance to others, and yet yourself be a cast-away.

Don't, therefore, I pray you, make the fatal mistake of thinking you can by valor alone fight your way to the Celestial City.

No accomplishment of your own will suffice to get you into Glory.

Other name there is none among men save Christ Jesus, not one, not even your own.

Great deeds you may do, but you are a leper for all that.

"AND THE SYRIANS HAD GONE HOLINESS is a mighty sweetener to a OUT IN COMPANIES AND HAD BROUGHT AWAY CAPTIVE OUT OF THE LAND OF ISRAEL A LITTLE MAID, AND SHE WAITED ON NAAMAN'S WIFE."

Now, note the contrast we have between these two descriptions.

Here we have a poor, simple little "little maid." The first thing we read of, her was that "she was a captive."

The Syrians had gone out on expeditions of robbery. As was their custom upon such occasions, they brought home all they could lay their hands on, and all such as were suitable for their service.

They had brought this little maid back as such, stolen her from her parents, and home and the virtue of her surroundings, dragged her to captivity and infamy and shame.

A captive! helpless, weak, and all that it stands for, but she was a captive of the Lord of Hosts, nevertheless. She belonged to Him as well as to the Syrians.

Mark that. For this very reason her misfortunes were turned to great account. Her catastrophes became conquests. That is always the way of it.

Observe, too, how that littleness in self-estimation is the condition of usefulness for God. This girl had learnt the lesson Naaman was yet to be taught. She had submitted to the chastening and humbling rod of God.

And so it must be with all those who are to be mighty in His strength.

They must first be made weak in order that He may use them;—made nothing in order that He may by them bring to nought things that are.

Now, you little halcyon lassies, hesitating to come forward as candidates because you are afraid God has no use for you, remember the story of this little maid who was taken that excuse from your lips.

God has as big a job for you as He had for her.

Some of you, too, give way to resentful feelings on account of your own acceptance, who suppose that you can do little till adorned with the Captain's braid, see what this servant girl accomplished, while still at the call of her earthly mistress.

It is told, too, about this little lassie that "she waited on Naaman's wife." That was a high position for a captive slave to rise to. There is significance in the reference; she had risen there, not without cause—good conduct, faithful adherence to duty as one might expect, from a girl trained to serve the God of Israel, she proved herself to her mistress as well as to her God. Good at the dishes and house work, as well as at testifying of the Prophet. Hence observe how her word is accepted by the great man, Naaman.

Why was that?

It was backed by a good example.

Now, how about you, my sister?

What about your kitchen experience?

How about your standing with your mistress?

Have you particularly impressed her with your industry, or your constancy?

Are you as particular of her interests as Paul to be?

I tell you, you are not likely to be much good abroad if you are unreliable at home.

You think it a mean affair, do you, to be sewing there in that back kitchen, washing dishes and sweeping carpets, and tending babies? Believe me, it is the most important of matters, while you are at it, just because it is the training process by which you shall know yourself and prove your calling.

I have heard of servants great at testimonies and meetings and religious performances in public, whose great professions have anything but the confirmation of their masters, not because either in some cases their earthly masters are unreasonable, but simply because they impress everybody about them insofar that they are too busy to do as they are told, and too much absorbed in religion to care much about their daily duties.

Now, people whose religion makes them unmanageable and unkindly of the feelings of their superiors, their religion is all moonshine. Folks whose Christian character is all for the platform, the pew, and the public, and never behind the scenes, have no character that can rightly be called "Christian" at all.

This little maid got promoted from slave to maid of honor, before she gave her first testimony, and every one of you who serve and profess, should be right in your conscience as to your services and your profession will look after itself. This little lass was only a slave, and it was preferable to be a good slave than a leprous Captain.

There is a gem of untold worth—

It's given by God to all on earth;

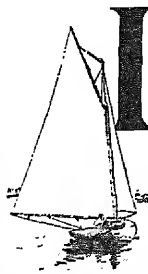
Millions don't prize it, so throw it away;

It's ternity dawns, and it's lost for aye.

—The late Captain I. W. Russell.

FROM THE HAUNTS OF THE CODFISH.

Adjutant Smeeton Brings a Breath of the Salt Sea into the Office of the "War Cry."



"Something shocking!" he repeated dolefully. "Almost every merchant, without exception, in St. John's has sailed, including the largest ship-owner in the world."

"You see it is pretty much the same as if the Dominion Bank should break. It affects everybody. No money, no credit. The bills nothing but waste paper practically. For instance, one of our soldiers, with a widowed mother to support, and others, after working hard all summer away fishing, has every cent of his hard-earned savings of nine months swept away. But, besides, before that the people were

Exceedingly Poor."

"The fishing was not so successful as usual this summer, was it?"

"On the Labrador it was a complete failure. The catch on the Banks was not so bad, however, and now with this financial trouble all the little surplus sums they had laid by for a rainy day has vanished."

"People wouldn't believe how simply and poorly those fisher-folk live."

"The diet is very plain, no doubt."

"The very plainest. Salt fish, potatoes, tea and bread. They fish and farm. Everything they have they either eat or grow. The hardships they face at sea is incredible. One of our soldiers was run down this year by the 'Majestic'."



LOST!

"Yes, there was a word or two about it in the Cry. How did it happen?"

"It was a very touching thing, although not uncommon. It was just in the first grey dawn of the early morning. A party of men were out in a little open boat,

Jigging Squids."

"What?"

"Catching a sort of jelly-fish they use for bait. They heard the horn of the 'Majestic,' they thought quite a distance away, but before they knew it the great steamer came crashing down on them, and they were cut in two completely between stem and stern. The 'Majestic' ran down her boats, but two poor fellows were lost. The Captain was in a terrible way. He said it was the first he had ever run down. They took them on to New York and returned them home."

"There must be a great deal of anxiety for those who stay ashore?"

"Oh, yes; constant. There was one time they were afraid we had gone

down in the "Glad Tidings." Oh, there was great weeping and wailing. We were teased to and fro in the little craft, while every few minutes the waves would sweep over the decks. They dash right over the light-house tops sometimes."

"We laughed here in Toronto when we heard you were

Waiting for the Wind."

The Adjutant laughed too; it seemed so odd in these days of electricity.

"Yes," he continued, "Wind and weather are two great factors there. You have to practise patience. You learn to live a moment at a time. I waited one solid fortnight."

"Maybe you are glad of a War Cry, then?"

"Aye, that's the time. On the boat, perhaps, you find one in 1 of an old 'Cry' carefully straightened out, and put away on a shelf. The skippers of the boats come constantly to the quarters to know how many you can let them have. Read? I should say they are well-read. I was quite surprised to find how carefully some of them followed the General's tour and commented on the various receptions, etc. The trouble is, it's so long before they can reach us. They were seeing the S. D. 'Cry' on Christmas Eve."

"The Newfoundlanders have a remarkable religious tendency. How do you account for that?"

"It's partly their Cornish extraction. I think lots of them come from Cornwall. You've heard of Cornish Methodism. They don't get a blessing if they don't have a dance; they are so accustomed to it."

"They believe in feeling?"

"They are an emotional, affectionate people, intelligent and honest. If they are not right in their sons they confess themselves bachelors at once. They like the Army. The crowd will sit three or four hours at a meeting and never stir. Of course, their sympathies are largely local, their interests bounded by their own little harbor often where they live and die."

"They seem to have a fine physique too?"

"Yes, as a rule—a healthy, sinewy physique. Consumption is the most prevalent disease. They contract it through exposure, getting wet feet, etc. But on the whole they are a contented, healthy class. 'Madway's Ready Relief' is the unfailing resource for all this. They build their own houses, grow their own vegetables,

Shear Half a Sheep.

spin it on their spinning machines, then knit it into jerseys, etc.

"And very likely they are as happy as the people in the cities with all the latest developments of civilization."

"Oh, happier, far happier; it would seem. Sometimes they may catch a deer, and tin it for the winter. Sometimes they go fox-hunting. But in the season fishing is the great thing. You wouldn't believe how plentiful it is—all sorts. From my quarters I could see the whales passing. I counted five one morning alone."

"Lots of ice, no doubt?"

"Not so much just there; the slab ice gets broken up and floats all out to sea. It's very interesting to watch the schooners come in and unload, with their thousands of seals. They simply bring home the skins and the fat—it's about three inches deep sometimes. They get their supplies from the merchants in exchange instead of money. It is called the 'truck system.' Many of the fishermen, when they reach the Labrador, leave their schooners and fish along the shore."

"That is where 'The Salvationist' cruises?"

"Yes. Oh, she's a real beauty! Everybody says so. She coasts along from port to port."

"What is Labrador like?"

"It's a wild, bleak, rocky shore."

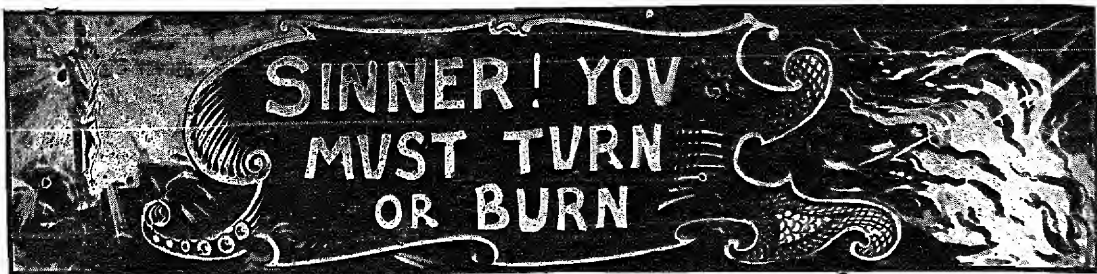
Salvation Shine.

Beautiful COAL at City Prices.

Also Orders Taken for WOOD.

TEL. 761

You would be astonished how bright and cheerful a fire looks and feels when you remember you bought the coal from the Salvationist.



All Ontario Officers are expected to be present at the General's Meetings in Toronto.

The Trial of Satan.

YARMOUTH.—The Jubilee Band visited Yarmouth. Twenty-eight sought salvation. New Year's eve there was no interval between the regular meeting and the watch-night service. Until after eleven we listened to confessions of wanderers, and testimonies of those who for the first time had sought the Saviour. At the close another came. A goodly number joined in the midnight march, amidst thickly-falling snow. The following evening, notwithstanding unpleasant weather, the barracks was filled. Some were curious to witness "The Trial of Satan." Others were anxious to see further displays of God's saving power, the events of the former meeting having been noised abroad. After a brief encounter with the drink demon, victory was gained. Most of the converts join the march, and testified in the meetings. A brother said, though he had several times, during the past year, been forward for prayers, by not taking a bold stand, he had failed to retain God's favor. One came forward at the close of the meeting.—**AUXILIARY 94.**

A March to Disappointment.

VICTORIA.—The General's visit has come and gone. Memories of it linger long in our hearts. Victoria was honored with many visitors. On New Year's night the Nanaimo train brought the officers and band from that city. With the Victoria officers and soldiers, they marched to the wharf to welcome the Commandant. However, the Eastern train being some hours late, he was detained in Vancouver till the next night, but Captain Milner and Lieutenant Gooding arrived from the Terminal City, and we marched back to the barracks, determined to have a profitable time, despite our disappointment.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald led. Three brass bands assisted. The Nanaimo band played one of their beautiful pieces from the Band Journal, and then our old friend, Lieutenant Emma Gooding, sang.

"God bless our General!"

was sung heartily from the War Cry, accompanied by the two Victoria bands. Some more testimonies, and our Jubilee Lasses' Band played very sweetly. Another selection from the Nanaimo band, and Captain Milner read.—**ANNIE REILLY, S. C.**

A Wedding March.

MONTREAL II.—Captain and Mrs. Peers welcomed home from their wedding tour. A banquet was held, which, it is only fair to the Point to say, was a great success. A march-out took place, the local corps being aided by No. 1 corps, French Mission, and Lighthouse; also the brass band from

No. 1. An address of welcome was tendered on behalf of soldiers to Captain and Mrs. Peers, by Ensign McLean.

Few, but True.

AMHERST.—Captain Miller with us, and Captain Prince led the meetings. Our soldiers are few, yet they are good.—**Captain L. PENNEY.**

Seven Souls.

MILLBROOK.—Three souls Sunday, two Sunday before—seven altogether since coming. Crowds improving both here and at outpost (Manvers). Chrys sold out every week.—**F. H. BLOSS for Captain H. WALKER.**

Looking Forward.

PICTON.—Three for a clean heart. Crowded house on Sunday night; deep convictions. We are looking forward.—**A. A. KELLEY.**

Spanish Songs and Indians.

HAMILTON.—Brigadier de Barritt, with his troupe of Indians and white people, has been doing good service in Hamilton. As we met on Sunday, God met with us, and seemed to fill us to overflowing. Although the day was wet, crowds were good, and a number of souls volunteered.

Mrs. de Barritt and M'Jared joined us through the week, and gave some Spanish songs.

Captain and Mrs. Florence are still alive, as are the Indian comrades.—**Captain T. H. WOOLRICH.**

You'll Get Arrested.

MORRISBURG.—Blessed watch-night service; about forty-five present. We marched after twelve o'clock. A minister said to Captain: "You folks will get arrested for disturbing people at that hour."

Our new D. O., Ensign Hunter, with his wife, led the meetings here Wednesday and Thursday.—**ETTIE WHITTAKER.**

Bravo, Lieutenant.

WYOMING, Jan. 10th, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR:

The Christmas Cry I'm sure was grand, and second to none that's in the land; The picture—well, I can't express; It recommends itself the best.

Please send me five more Christmas Crys with next lot of Crys, and oblige, Yours, pushing the Cry.—**Lieutenant G. SMITH.**

Dry Bones Shaking.

PARIS.—Saturday night's meeting was a proper one. Lieutenant all on fire at the holiness meeting, Sunday morning. The dry bones are beginning to awake. The band played in the afternoon. What a lovely march! The meeting, too, was grand. One brother said the collection was too

small, and said he would give a dollar if the rest would make it up to three. Another brother gives a dollar, and an old gentleman walks out with a quarter, and the three dollars were soon received. The prodigal came home, and a weary sinner knelt beside him.—**W. McLAUCHLIN, S. C.**

"Come Again, Major."

GUELPH.—Major Streeton to the front. Sunday morning holiness meeting time of blessing. Night meeting grand, soldiers turned out well, and a good rousing open-air commenced the night battle. Good crowd, conviction great. Come again, Major. (We all say this.) Two souls. Ensign Cays is very weak. Will every comrade please pray for him.—**BZS. BRYAN.**

Clean Hearts Means Forward March.

NEEPAWA.—Still rising amidst shouts of glory. Eight soldiers for a clean heart. Clean hearts in this corps means forward march. Terrific assault on the enemy Sunday night, captured four prisoners, tremendous conviction. Young men asking soldiers to pray for them.—**F. KNOWLES for CAPT. HEWITT.**

Wanted—Faith and Courage.

WIARTON.—One soul. Since then another wanderer has returned. We ask for the prayers of the Dominion that God may increase our faith and courage.—**Lieut. T. FORD BARKER.**

"Highest congratulations upon the splendid Christmas Cry."—**H. TAYLOR, Captain, International War Cry Representative.**

"The Christmas War Cry was lovely!"—**Mrs. ENSIGN BRADLEY.**

VANCOUVER has a sturdy little corps of some seventy soldiers under Captain Milner (a converted school-mistress) and Lieutenant Gooding. Its victories are not so scarce as those of some corps, owing to a shifting population.

"Only two members remain of those who composed our band this time last year," a bandsman explained. They have all gone to other parts of the country.

The city is one which seems destined to greatly outgrow its present 15,000 population. The wooden shanties which composed it were all burned down six years ago, at which period a woman in the streets was gazed upon as a curiosity. The gentler sex are scarce enough now to be very highly valued. With a splendid deep-water harbor, and no mean scenery, "Lion's Gate," derived from the conformation of the mountains overlooking the harbor, has a future. May it be one in which God shall be honored.—**Captain TAYLOR, British War Cry Correspondent.**

A Wedding Feast.

SELKIRK.—Mrs. Read and Bro. Haskirk arrived. The Major was unable to come through sickness. Saturday and Sunday the meetings were well attended. Monday night, Mrs. Read spoke about the work in Newfoundland. Tuesday night was a musical meeting. One soul. The first wedding in Selkirk. Major Read came from Winnipeg to tie the knot, accompanied by Ensign Hughes, Captains Shea and Cromarty, Winnipeg band, and some soldiers. The barracks was packed. Then Sergeant William Moor and Sister Jennie Nicholson were married in true Salvation Army style under the yellow, red and blue. After the meeting, soldiers and friends retired to another hall for the wedding feast.—**ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

A Methodist Shouting.

OWEN SOUND.—Holiness meeting was led by the Rev. Mr. Viner; a powerful meeting it was, too. A Methodist got the glory, and was shouting and dancing. Some seven or eight went forward for the blessing of a clean heart. Two or three souls have been forward lately.—**Mrs. J. STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.**

Nine Miles Through the Storm.

MORRISBURG.—Adjutant Magee, the Social Reform man, led the meeting. Good open-air, large crowd, hard fight for souls. Meeting led by Captain Stata and Lieutenant Bolea. One backslider. He had driven nine miles through a terrible storm to be present. He went home rejoicing.—**ETTIE WHITTAKER.**

Honor Roll.

Edmonton	157
Lieut. Lowrie, London	102
Lieut. Lowrie, London	98
Capt. Corlett, Nanaimo	69
Lieut. Ottawa, London	60
Lieut. Ottawa, London	45
Lieut. Carroll, Nanaimo	45
Mrs. Patterson, Nanaimo	38
Lieut. Johnson, Amherstburg	37
Capt. Hopkins, Charlottetown	32
Mrs. Capt. Coate, Kemptville	30
Sister Prosser, Kemptville	28
Lieut. Hill, Coaticook	28
Sister Ellis, Charlottetown	20
Sergt. N. Smith, Charlottetown	20
Bro. Slack, Nanaimo	20
Sister Johnson, Lindsay	20
Capt. Curry, Carleton, N. B.	20
Sister Bowers, Lisgar street	18
Cadet A. Moore, Lisgar street	18
Cadet A. Graham, Lisgar street	17
Candidate Kingham	17
Sister Shackels, Lisgar street	15
Bro. Dabney, Lisgar street	15
Mr. Lowland, Carleton	15
Annie Lee, Carleton	14
Cadet M. Gibson, Lisgar street	14
Cadet A. Rathgate, Lisgar street	14
Cadet C. Wicks, Lisgar street	14
Cadet L. Allard, Lisgar street	11

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Latest Despatches

FROM THE
National Centres.

ENGLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has been very active. He spent Christmas night at Cambridge, Boxing Day at Norwich, and among some of his decisions arising out of scores of interviews at the International Headquarters on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, was one which receives immediate publicity, viz., the new "Social Gazette." In company with Commissioners Howard and Pellard, the Chief met and addressed the whole of the London Provincial Staff on Saturday afternoon, he conducted the Watch-night at Clifton.

The Field Commissioner was able to show herself and say a few words to her devoted London Soldiers and Juniors at the Christmas demonstrations.

Commissioner Higgins, from South Africa, arrived too late for his Xmas dinner. During his tour he travelled over 20,000 miles, inspecting the whole of our Social, spiritual and native operations, farewelled one Commissioner and installed another, eliminated Field and Local Officers' Councils, made many friends, raised a few hundred pounds for the African War, opened the new Territorial Headquarters at Cape Town, and, best of all, helped many souls to God and holiness. He reported, at a little welcome home conveyed by Commissioner Howard, that Commissioner and Mrs. Lees are in fine form and spirits.

GERMANY.

Commissioner Melke is trying the experiment of a weekly holiness meeting in Berlin. Special halls are being engaged for this purpose. Definite steps are being taken for the organization of the Junior Soldiers' War throughout Germany in regulation lines.

AMERICA.

The Commander has been making his active presence felt. He sustains the improvement in his physical condition, and unless in case of unforeseen complications, will soon be full fit on the war path once more. As far as that goes, it is doubtful if he is not already over-exerting himself in that direction, and disregarding the protests of Mrs. Booth and his physician. The Commander is a worthy disciple of his father, the General. He regards his time as a sacred trust, and can spare very little of it in which even to converse or recruit his strength.

Mrs. Colonel Endie continues to make satisfactory progress, but is still in a very weak condition.

AUSTRALIA.

A fire, which unfortunately occurred on the Adelaide P. O. D. Farrin recently, has landed our Social Wing comrades in very serious difficulty. Some sparks, carried by a high wind into the carpenter's shop while the men were at dinner, set fire to some of the inflammable material always to be found in larger or smaller quantities in such places, and before the fire was well nipped, the building was in flames.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Pestell have sailed for England.

Captain Duval is doing well at the Antipodes. He has left for a tour in New Zealand. While in Australia, he visited 32 different corps, held 470 indoor meetings, and 8,750 at the outdoor form, and travelled in the Colonies 10,000 miles.

NEW ZEALAND.

The new Rescue Home at Wellington has been opened successfully. The Premier of the Colony was present. The Self-Denial returns up to date amount to £1,650.

AFRICA.

The opening of new Headquarters and Officers' Congress in Cape Town has been a marvellous success. During the Congress two hundred souls came forward.

Commissioner Rees left Cape Town on December 18th for an extended tour through the Diamond Fields,

Eastern, Natal and Zululand Divisions.

INDIA.

Some of our Cape Comorin officers have constituted themselves sanitary inspectors. In consequence, there is a great improvement in many of the villages.

Staff-Captain Perera says, "I have just had the pleasure and unspoken joy of leading my grandmother to Jesus. She was a Buddhist of eighty years of age, very bigoted and strong in her beliefs. Glory to Jesus for His wonderful works."

A smart lad, from Cottiyann, one hundred miles North of Nagercoil, turned up the other day at the Bombay Headquarters. He had seen the Army in Madras, had fallen in love with it and had come to join it. He is now in the Men's Training Home.

NORWAY.

Lieutenant Anna Ingebritsen, a Ship Officer in Bergen, died recently. Her last words were, "Jesus has opened the gate! I have already seen His glory!" When she was first converted, she was obliged to sleep in the woodshed, because her parents would have nothing to do with her if she became a Christian; but she stood true, and died at her post.

FINLAND.

Major Haartman is providing meals for the destitute poor in Helsinki. This branch of Social effort has "taken on" tremendously with the Finnish people, and supplies, both in cash and kind, are pouring in.

DENMARK.

Colonel Taylor gave a Christmas dinner to the men who for some time past have been sheltered from the cold in fleggeensgade Hall, Copenhagen. This meal was preliminary to the opening of the new Shelter, which takes place in a few days.

NEWS AND NOTES

FROM THE

TERRITORIAL CENTRE.

Mrs. Booth is presiding over affairs at the Territorial Headquarters in the Commandant's absence.

The General has held a conference with the British Columbia Cabinet on the question of an Over-the-Sea Colony, at the invitation of the Government.

The General has telegraphed a contribution of \$50 to the Newfoundland sufferers. The Commandant is also forwarding the same amount.

Premier Sir Oliver Mowat will give an address of welcome on Thursday night, February 7th, to the General, in Toronto.

The Food and Shelter for men recently opened in London is proving a marked success. The new Rescue Home in Ottawa is also doing very well.

In Toronto, Major Bennett, and Staff-Captain McMillan, have been putting in full time at the Social Farm, turning roofs, and swinging pickaxes, etc.

Major Streeton slipped on the icy sidewalk and sprained his left arm very painfully.

Miss Macdonald, one of Headquarters' typewriters, also received a wire to the effect that her brother had passed suddenly away at her home near Ottawa.

REDUCED RATE TICKETS

From all points on the C. P. R. and G. T. R., (single fare for the return journey) may be obtained by persons coming to the General's meetings at Toronto.

A Winnipeg paper states that Major Read will go to California. Unless there is some intervention while since the Commandant left town, this must be incorrect, as he is so located in Toronto.

All Ontario Officers are expected to be present at the General's meetings in Toronto.

Captain Harmony, Charlotte's Bandmaster, from the Pacific Coast, called at the Editorial Office.

Notes of the interview will appear next week.

Captain H. speaks well of our brother Editor, Staff-Captain Millsaps, as do all people hailing from 'Friseo.

THE
Nanaimo MinerSAVED-WIFE SAVED TOO—
CANADA.

BY S. C. ANNIE REILLY.

The General announced a wave-offering and invited everybody present to join in. Almost the whole audience availed themselves of a land-kerchief, War Cry, or anything else, and waved with all their might.

Mr. Duggan gazed on that happy crowd, heard them sing, saw them wave, and longed to join them.

The night came when the brother who was dearer than life to him,



FAREWELL OF HIM WHO HAD SO LONG
STRIVEN TO LEAD HIM RIGHT.

stood for the first time on the platform, where he had fought so faithfully as a soldier, to say good-bye before leaving for the training home.

No eye but God's could read the feelings of our brother as he sat in that so like a mountain, far away meeting, broken-hearted at the thought of losing him who had for so long striven to help him to the right path.

When the prayer meeting was opened,

His Brother Came Down

and pleaded with him to get right. This completely broke him down, and before many minutes had passed they were kneeling side by side at the feet of the sinner's Saviour. It was a sharp struggle. His sin seemed to rise like a mountain, and so great a sinner did he feel in the night of God that for some time he could not grasp the wonderful plan of salvation, and the devil persuaded him that pardon was beyond his reach, but Jesus came to his help, and spoke peace to the troubled heart.

He rose to testify of what God had done for him and found to his joy that his wife stood by his side, having volunteered out almost immediately after him.

He determined from that night to live the whole life for God, and do his best to fill the vacant place that his brother had left as soldier and bandman. Sincerely a meeting was missed, and through the Almighty power given from above, he went on conquering and to conquer. He became a soldier for life, feeling that God who had used the S. A. in pointing him to a better way of living, called him to share the fight.

After some months, the position of secretary being vacant, he was appointed to it.

Comrade Duggan's position in the corps placed him in circumstances which he would sometimes like to have evaded.

One incident he will never forget took place six months after his conversion. The officers having been taken sick, he, with another lad, were put in charge. It was customary to meet in the open-air at different

streets, so that no part of the town should be missed.

When the time came round to commence the meeting, only three lads beside himself had turned up, and not one could sing. Nothing daunted, he gave out a song, and started it alone, but

His Melody was Short-Lived, and after struggling through a line or two, for the first time in his life he broke down.

It seemed discouraging to the young impromptu officer, but before the devil had a chance to get a word in edge-ways, he dropped on his knees and started to pray. The other three lads caught the fire, and as they called on God, He drew very near. Before they had finished reinforcements arrived, and the "noise four" rejoiced.

God opened up the way for him to Canada, and in a few weeks he farewelled.

On boarding the steamer, two lads, who were also Salvationists,

Spied His Red Guernsey,

and immediately claimed his acquaintance. They made it pretty hot for others on salvation matters.

Arriving at Victoria he was admitted to a soldiers' meeting, led by a Captain and Cadet, the latter being no other than our old friend of West-ern fame, now Ensign Tierney, of the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

This being his first meeting in the country,

It Felt Like Heaven,

and he came away wonderfully blessed.

He first located at Wellington, 76 miles from Victoria, (the nearest corps.)

His mate in the mine, who was unsaved, would often tell him that there was

No God in the Country,

but, though he greatly differed with him, it was a real time of standing alone. Yet God was enough in every trying hour.

He used to get War Cries up from Victoria, and distribute them. In about three months the S. A. opened up in Nanaimo, near 42 miles away. This was in May, 1899, and they have not deserted the "Black Diamond City" yet.

Our comrades left at home again on hearing the sound of the dear old Army drum, but it was a long walk from Wellington to Nanaimo after a day's toiling in the mine, and upon the Methodists re-opening, he for three or four months, fell in with them. Every encouragement was offered him, and he found ample field to labor, being made superintendent of the Sunday School; but it was not where God had placed him, and at the end of that time he

Resumed His Long Walk.

At present he travels three miles every time he attends a meeting, but he finds that he is doubly repaid in blessing.

Some two years ago he was appointed bandmaster, which position he still holds, and in God's hands is being made a help and blessing.

His present testimony is that "Jesus saves and keeps him by His power."

May he be kept until the judgment morning, when He cometh to make up His jewels and bestow the crown upon those who have been "faithful unto death."

"A soldier's life by grace I'll live, A soldier's death I then will die; The robe and crown the brave receive Will then be mine in the meadows of the sky."

Help the Unemployed!

When you need your sidewalks cleaned of snow, don't forget we can have it done for you at a reasonable figure. Send us your order to

Telephone 761

And help the out-of-work.

CONTENTS

- 1-TORONTO'S HEROES.
- 2-HOT SHOT.
- 3-TORONTO'S HEROES.
- 4-HOLINESS GATHERING.
- 5-NAAMAN.
- 6-FROM THE HAUNTS OF THE COFFIN.
- 7-CORPS PAGE.
- 8-LATEST DESPATCHES FROM THE NATIONAL CENTRAL NAAMING MIKE.
- 9-EDITORIAL PAGE.
- 10-THE GENERAL IN CANADA.
- 11-THE GENERAL IN CANADA (continued).
- 12-THE GENERAL IN CANADA (continued).
- 13-WESTERN WASHINGTON.
- 14-HOW THEY DIE.
- 15-MISSIO COLUMN.
- 16-LAND OF EVANGELINE.
- 17-COMPLETION LIST, ETC.
- 18-THE GENERAL'S TOUR.
- 19-SODAS.

WAR CRY

THE GENERAL AND THE CABINET.

In the last night of the old year, the General, at Seattle, concluded one of his most supreme platform efforts with a prophecy—a note of inspired hope, namely, that eventually his scheme would be adopted the world over, and the only thing at which men would marvel would be that they neglected their poor, their criminal and their unfortunate so long as they had done.

These words are an echo of the beaming of his noble heart.

The Cabinet meeting at Victoria, with the General, looks like the beginning of that prophecy's fulfillment.

We commend the Salvation Army Social scheme to the consideration of all who have to do with "the great problem of the day." We say in no boastful spirit either, that the Army's scheme presents the solution to the problem. The actual accomplishments of the scheme in Britain are the proof of what we say. This "Vulgar Salvation Army" has the key to success, and has furnished an object lesson for all.

The Cabinet of Victoria heard the General personally respecting his scheme, and were, we understand, most favorably impressed. We ask that the Army be given a fair chance to bring its Social Scheme into operation wherever the populations are congested and distress prevails, and we are positive that by God's blessing, success will attend our efforts.

Salvationists all through the Territory will be glad to note how smart the Commandant seized the opportunity to push on the Social work at Vancouver and Victoria. The British War Cry reporter says, "Seized the opportunity by the horns."—Hurrah!

MRS. BOOTH.

Mrs. Booth gets most enthusiastically received whenever she addresses a meeting outside Salvation Army borders, as much so, in fact, as when within her own borders. Her reception at the W. C. T. U. meeting in the Pavilion, Toronto, was no exception. The following letter has since been received from the Corresponding Secretary of the W. C. T. U.:

Toronto, Jan., 1895.

"Dear Mrs. Booth: I have been requested by Toronto District W. C. T. U. to return to you their very sincere thanks for your earnest and eloquent address at their meeting in the Pavilion, on Sunday, December 30th, held in conjunction with the Canadian Temperance League. We know you are not working for thanks, nevertheless, we do thank you, and are very grateful to you for giving us the time and help, as we know your engagements are numerous. The words spoken so earnestly from your heart, will, we feel, be productive of good to other hearts, and we trust your work in the Army and everywhere will continue to be marked with grand results. God bless and keep you."

"TORONTO AFLAME."

Toronto has been convulsed with excitement over the two disastrous fires. Much money, we regret to say, has been sunk, but standing out above all other circumstances is the nobility of the firemen.

God bless these noble men!

The "Toronto Mail" says of the second fire:

"The Fire Brigade was heavily handicapped by the lack of pressure and the absence of Chief Ardagh (who was injured in the first fire.) Those who have been at fires in the city will remember hearing the hoarse voice of the chief above every other sound, as he urged his men on, and with bull-dog determination kept the fire under control. His place was taken by Assistant Chiefs Graham and Thompson, both good men, but neither of them such terrific fighters as the 'old man.' They did their duty nobly, however, last night, and covered themselves with glory."

"Several of the firemen suffered injuries and two were rendered hors de combat, but the verdict of the rest of the brigade was that they got off lucky. Many suffered cuts and bruises, but they kept right on as if nothing had happened. Too much credit cannot be given the brigade for the noble work done. Three lives were saved, and after a terrible fight the whole southwestern portion of the city was saved from destruction."

help doing something for the hard-pressed colony.

Major Morris is just the officer for the country. He will not die of despair, however great the difficulties, and every Newfoundland may reckon on having in him a brother ready to roll up his sleeves and help.

THE GENERAL'S TORONTO CAMPAIGN.

Many wonderful happenings have been recorded in connection with the General's wonderful campaign throughout the Dominion, but the Toronto wind-up must eclipse everything. Full announcements next issue.

Every Prohibitionist ought to have the

Brewer's Ghost.

The "Brewer's Ghost," reprinted from the Christmas War Cry, is being issued from the Salvation Army Press in a most striking style. It is a most tremendous impeachment of the drink traffic. It proves that the author is able to use the artillery of Truth against the crying evils of the day with as tremendous effect as that great champion of total abstinence, and sainted memory, Mrs. General Booth.

TORONTO'S CHIEF FIRE-BRIGADE MEN.



JOHN DAVIS, Chief. R. ARDAGH, Chief. JOHN THOMPSON, Chief. D. GIBSON, Electrician. T. G. GIBSON, Chief. R. J. MCGOWAN, Secretary. (From a picture kindly loaned by the Lombard Street Fire Hall.)

Fortunately there were no fatal accidents to record in connection with the brave work of the firemen. The most serious of the mishaps fell to William Crawford, of Berkeley street fire-lift. While working in rear of the Standard Bank, he slipped, and fell off a stair to the ground, a distance of sixteen feet. He was badly bruised and shaken up. Arthur E. Robinson, another fireman, was injured while breaking in a door. We have endeavored to draw a practical lesson for all our comrades from the dreadful event.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Keep your hearts up, and remember the sun will shine again on you. Fifty dollars from our General, and \$50 more from the Commandant is a proof of the sympathy the great Salvation Army outside your coasts has for you.

Three cheers for Newfoundland, the General, and our noble Commandant!

The General has a true cosmopolitan heart. The above action is a proof of it. As for the Commandant, he is so in love with Newfoundland that he would scarcely be able to

THE SOCIAL GAZETTE, PRICE ONE CENT.

FOR THRILLING INTEREST, for unflinching exposure and censure of wrong, for downright War spirit, no periodical published by the Salvation Army anywhere has excelled the "Social Gazette," issued weekly in London, in the interests of the General's Social Scheme, and "to voice the wants and needs of the submerged." With the first issue for 1895, this vigorous newspaper drops in price from a penny to a half-penny.

No better move has ever been made in Salvation Army journalism. This is coming nearer the people. This is coming down in the true Salvation Army sense, down to the people. Bravo! Colonel Nicol, and whoever else has helped in this matter, we congratulate you on this most important and significant advance.

TO US "CRY" FOLK.

Highest congratulations upon splendid Xmas Cry. Your affectionate colleague, H. S. TAYLOR, Captain.

Press Wire Just Received!

FLAMING SALVATION ENTHUSIASM! GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN!

BRANDON, MAN.

Calgary comrades greeted General's arrival at five on Thursday morning with enthusiastic special meeting in the Opera House. The General met soldiers on the stage afterwards. Train for East delayed forty hours. General and Commandant busy with interviews respecting land for the Colony. Deeply regretted the necessity to drop Regina. Brandon at midday on Sunday, splendid soul-fights. Hundreds turned away from Market Hall, thirteen captures. Great Social meeting to-night, Mayor and Council on the platform. Mayor presented superbly illustrated illuminated address. Eloquent welcome words from ministerial, legal, medical, and mercantile representatives. The General grand!

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (British "War Cry" Representative).

This week we continue the Commandant's conscience-piercing character sketch of Naaman. "Naaman" is being widely disseminated in other lands. We recommend it to our readers.

Our valued correspondent "Maquibeta," is, we are glad to note, back at Vancouver. His notes on San Francisco will appear next week.

The Pacific Coast Cry editor congratulates us on our Christmas and New Year's issues, and calls them "beautiful numbers."

Mr. Robert Semple, our artist, is to be congratulated on the vigorous representation he has set forth of the Toronto fire.

The English Cry says: The Christmas numbers are coming in one by one. The first to arrive was the Dutch—a complete and brilliant advance upon anything yet done on the Continent. The next was the Canadian, distinguished, as usual, by high-class workmanship, taste and literary ability. The palm belongs, with ease, to the Commandant. His article—"Haunted Hearts"—deserves a permanent place in Army literature. We shall quote from it at considerable length.

It was copied into three different papers from our Canadian Cry, viz., the "Deliverer," the "Social Gazette," the "Young Soldier."

What? Why Lieutenant Peddie's incident about the sparrows who took refuge at the Woman's Hotel, on Albert St., in a storm.

N. B.—Do you avail yourself of your privilege to write for the Cry?

Scattered throughout pages 7 and 8 will be found sketches of Victorian chief men who have shown themselves in sympathy with our General and the Army.

Mr. McIsaac, of the War Cry Publishing Department, has been called to pass through dark waters. He received a telegram to visit a brother dying of consumption at Stratford, and was almost immediately wired to return to the Toronto Hospital, where another brother was dying from typhoid and congestion. They were both buried in the same grave.

The General Begins His Second Canadian Conquest Course.

THE COMMANDANT

Balked Again in First Greetings, but Makes up for it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MEANS BUSINESS.

Important Conference with the Government.

Our Premier - Chairman Highly Approves.

CIVIC AUTHORITIES AND PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES INVITE THE GENERAL TO AT ONCE START SHELTERS.

The General discourses to John Chinaman on making a Fortune.



W E could stay in no longer. The "Kings-ton" lay to, and we stepped off Seattle soil, into the water, for evermore in our annuals as making it too closing the ri-

umph of the General's magnificent United States tour. On this morning of Wednesday, January 2nd, about was an hour late, an hour every minute of which the General crowded with Salvation activity. A huge crowd of soldiers and town-folk thronged the wharf, cheered the General, and clustered round him. In return he mounted a box, and started a free and easy, which won instantaneous popularity. The "party" either sang, prayed, or testified; then the local lights took up the ball and kept it rolling fast and furious. They came in procession:

Father Smith, the oldest Salvation-ist on the Coast, and a perpetual War Cry hooter, never found without one, sing-songed a quaint composition full of good points, and said to be as long as a Chinese play. Here is a couplet:

"I'd rather be alive and as small as a dog,
Than as big as a lion and as dead as a log."

Mother ———, who is fair, fat and saved, hails from Nottingham. Hoard the General there. Now lives in the woods. God keeps her company.

Lion ———, seven and a half years a convict, splendidly saved. And a string of 80-oms!

Out on the vast rolling prairie of the Northwest was Commandant Herbert Booth. He was on foot—in a railway compartment. His vexed and anxious feelings found relief in much padding to and fro. He and his

shorthand assistant, Mrs. Mavor Read, and Staff-Captain Jewer were speeding westward to greet their General the moment he stepped ashore, and introduce him to his second Canadian Conquest course. But there had been a sudden pulling up, and an anxious examining, and some dislocated coupling discovered, entailing several hours' delay, and the Commandant thought of the combination of circumstances which had be-
haved and defeated him in his efforts to meet his beloved father at Newfound-land, and felt, as we have said, vexed and grieved.

It was at the outer wharf of the Victoria harbor that the Salvation soldiers, with their Nanaima hand comrades, waited a whole hour in the cutting blast and darkening night to shout and play their gladdest when their General should arrive amongst them. Then when they got him, they hurried him into a carriage, and with banners waving, and torches flaming, and the populace hurrahing, they escorted him, seated beside his host, Justice Crease, to the City Hall. This place was soon gorged, and Mayor Tongue promptly called upon the City Clerk, Mr. Dowler, to read the City's wel-

The address expressed the warmest welcome to and the most unstint-
ing commendation of our leader and his Army, asserted that the name of General Booth would live in the re-constructed lives of millions as "a grateful and an imperishable mem-ory." There were several other ad-
dresses prepared for presentation, in-
cluding the Clergy, the Chinese, Y. M. C. A., W. O. T. U., and other religious and benevolent societies, but there was no time available for the read-
ing of these. Let all our friends, however, be assured that the Gen-
eral heartily appreciates their kind interest and values their sympathy.

A Subterranean Greeting.
"Oh, General you will think I am



John Henson, Esq.



Mr. E. G. Prior, M.P.



Hon. J. H. Turner.

always late in coming to welcome you!" and with his pale face unusu-
ally flushed the Commandant rushed to
confront his father-in-law. They met
in the subterranean dressing-room
(denominated such by courtesy only).
Warm greetings all round followed,
and then the Commandant was whir-
ling about in an alarming manner for
his weak heart (which, by the way,



F. G. Venson, Esq.

bus caused him a lot of trouble these
last few weeks) transacting a score of
business matters, programme arrang-
ing, and sundry adornings with a ree-
like persistence.

The Victoria Theatre above was
menhine filling. By the time the
chair was taken by Premier Davie,
and supported by Senators, Aldermen
and Ministers, there was no empty-
ness! At no place, perhaps, has more
universal eagerness been manifested
to see and hear and applaud the Gen-
eral than in this capital.

Mr. Davie said General Booth had
done a good work, and ranked among
the greatest benefactors of the age.
Some minutes of applause filled up
the interval between the sittings
down of the Premier and the upris-
ing of the General. "He is more fiery
than he was ten years ago," some
one remarked about the General's ad-
dress; and few but were surprised at
the way he seemed to throw off his
weariness in favor of his pleadings
for the friendless.

The Commandant was able to back
up the General's address in a prac-
tical little speech, in which he stated
the Social work was about to be
started in Victoria; that was, a
Shelter worked upon the same lines
as they heard to-night. The intima-
tion appeared to give highest satis-
faction.

Justice Crease eulogized the man
and the scheme; and the chairman
said he had never in his life listened
to a lecture with feelings of more in-
tense delight. For the last two
hours they had simply been held
spellbound. They would all go away
wiser than they came and with some-
thing worth knowing.

The General Chats with the Cabinet

They Appear Most Favorably Impressed.

Will Consider the Over-the-Sea Colony.

We went to bed with every sign of
a stiff frost, but awoke to find 18
inches of snow covering the city and
other inches coming down. Your cor-
respondent was given a proper taste
of Canadian winterdom in a walk of
three miles for trains were stopped,
and traffic disorganized on a whole-
sale scale. When late in the day the
city awoke, it was to music of sleigh
bells that the business was conducted.

At mid-day, the General met the
members of the Cabinet in the Li-
brary of the Parliamentary buildings.
He was accompanied by the Com-
mandant, Colonel Lawley and other
officers. The hon. gentlemen present
ent were: Mr. Davie, Premier and
Attorney General; Mr. Pooley, Mr.
Turner, Minister of Finance and Agri-
culture; Mr. Martin, Chief Commis-
sioner of Lands and Works; Colonel
Berker, Insular Secretary.

In conversational style, the Gen-
eral laid before the Government his
plans, his wants and his wishes. As
these deep and kindly interest was



Hon. D. W. Hicomes.



Hon. Thos. Davie.



Mr. R. P. Huxley.

shown, the Premier specially manifesting a sympathetic attitude and a comprehensive grasp of the subject. Numerous questions invariably drew forth from the General satisfactory replies. For instance, he at once allayed any nervousness previously entertained as to the character, training and suitability of the colonists that would be transferred to the new colony; and predicted with confidence that such a settlement would supply the universal lack of the present day nations—a backbone of diligent, happy, prosperous peasantry.

"Our Farm colony in England," said the General, "would answer to our first settlement outside, so far as circumstances agreed. We have about 100 men on the colony, who have been at work there for from twelve months to two years, and who are brave, good fellows. They have been there, too, without any intoxicants on the estate, rising at half-past five and six o'clock in the morning, and working ten hours a day under proper supervision."

A Gentleman: "You stated just now that you would consume your own produce. What benefit would this colony be to the Province. We want to produce ourselves instead of importing."

The General (cheerfully): "My dear sir, I would be delighted to find a market. I was only answering another objection as to what we would do with the stuff we grew, when I stated that we would consume it ourselves. If we can sell a portion of it, so much the better. We want people who will be delighted with the soil."

The Premier—"That's it." Chorus—"Yes."

A member—"How do you propose to educate the children—on our present system?"

The General—"I'd teach them to earn their bread and save their souls, whatever be the cause of their arithmetic or geology." (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

A member—"Do you want us to give you this land?"

The General—"Do you give land for emigrants?"

Reply—"Yes."

The General—"Then if you give it to them, with nobody to look after their souls or their bodies, why would you not give it to us, under the conditions we offer? I am really the servant of the State."

The conference, which lasted over an hour, concluded with a shaking of hands all round, and a promise on the part of the Government to promptly consider the matter amongst themselves, and communicate with the General at an early date.

This friendly interview was but the beginning of the signs of the impetus the meeting of the night before had given to Social effort. Enter in the day, the Commandant and the Mayor, and later still, the Aldermen, who appeared very anxious that the Food and Shelter should be established in their city. Hinted that a portion of the old Market Hall might be ceded to the Army for this purpose, and subscribed \$150 themselves towards the undertaking. This is a splendid sample of Victorian enterprise.

How to Make a Fortune.

The General Lots the Chinese Into the Secret.

The most novel as well as one of the most touching and best meetings the General has ever conducted, was in the Chinese Mission Hall, between the afternoon and evening engagements. The Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who



Books Lake, Vancouver Island.



The New Victoria Public Market.

The city authorities propose to grant the Army space at the left hand side of the structure for a Food and Shelter. Well done, Victoria!

has long and earnestly labored for the souls of these wonderful people, who form so large a portion of the population of the city, delightfully hailed the General's visit, though this was not decided upon till a few hours before it was made. The centre also of the large room was quickly crowded, a row of women singers occupying the front seat. In the second were a couple of babies in arms, bright, doll-like little darlings with pink cheeks and almond eyes. John and his pigtail were largely in the majority. Salvationists and their brass band occupied side seats.



MR. THOMAS EARLE, M.P.



HON. C. E. FOOTE.



THE LATE HON. ROBT. DUNCANSON.

The General's prayer was translated by Mr. Gardiner: "O God, our Heavenly Father, Thou art the Father of us all. Thou dost love us all. Thou hast made us all, and Thou dost want us all to be happy and to live good lives on earth, and then come and live with Thee in Heaven. Let Thy Good Spirit come into all our hearts, and help us to love and serve Thee."

Then, in a beautiful and brief address, the General told them: "I wish I could speak your language. I have always felt a great interest in your country and your countrymen, and the Salvation Army is going there very soon. (Applaudments of approval.) We shall see thousands and hundreds of thousands of your countrymen saved. We have thousands in India who were miserable people, but are now happy people, because they have found the true God, and got the salvation of their souls."

"I'd like to stop and talk to you all night. We are all made very much alike. Our faces differ, our education differs, our habits differ, we happen to be born in different countries. You wear your hair one way, and I wear my hair another way, and some of us (pointing to his chin)

Don't Wear any Hair at all. (Laughter.) But that does not make any difference to our hearts. I have got more hair on my chin than you have, but that does not make me any better than you. It is not what we

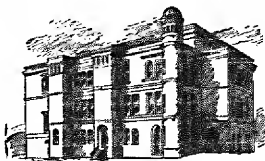
are outside; it is what we are inside.

"There are two or three questions which concern us all alike. First, we want to be happy; secondly, we want to make a fortune; thirdly, we want to get our friends well off. When a man accomplishes this, he is tolerably right. How can this be brought about? and brought about to last for ever? First, you must get right with God; secondly, you cannot be happy till you are good—no cheating one another, no telling lies, no doing wrong; thirdly, you must live to do good."

A delightful, simple enforcement of these points was made by the General as he leaned over the reading stand, and smiled at the all-attentive, stolid faces who watched him so keenly. Then Col. Lawley and Major Malan sang of the "Palace and Crown," for which their names had been put down, the General remarking, "You will never

Get a Palace in Pekin.

but you can have one in the New



VICTORIA LAW COURTS.

Honorable Justice Grimes visited the General.

Jerusalem. In a fatherly way he patting Mr. Gardiner on the back, thanked him for his service, and asked God to bless him; and the Commandant's translated prayer was that many of these dear people might find the salvation of which they had to-night heard. The women shyly, and the men almost reverently, put their hands in that of the General, who fearfully declined to shake hands with any but Chinese on this particular occasion.

Two other public engagements came off, notwithstanding the almost impossible condition of the streets, the whole city having the appearance of the colored Xmas scenes in books with which we are familiar. The toll of the fire bell at dusk, and the outcoming of the engine on runners was a part of the picture.

The Metropolitan Methodist church was tent for both gatherings. Five seekers rewarded the efforts of the afternoon. At night a large congregation, under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. S. Claver, were inspired with the Army's story; a direct explanation of which was made by the

General to the hearts of all present. "I have been amongst you with much satisfaction," he remarked, adding a word of commendation on the piety and courage displayed by handmen and soldiers in facing the biting weather on the previous night, to show their affection for him.

The Sleigh and the Social.

Seventy-one miles north of Victoria there is a little town of 3,000, with mines of "black diamonds," and an Indian name—Mandlino. We saw little of the favorite color—black—for two feet of snow covered all things. Instead of wheeled equipage, the depot was lined with sleighs, one-horse, and two-horse, cozy, smooth-running concerns of enticing tendency. Seated in one of these, the General, after receiving the cheers of spectators, was "glided" off, and then back again for an afternoon spiritual meeting in the Barracks. The surprise was that so many managed to wade through the slippery, sloppy streets. Ex-Mayor Haslam, M. P., introduced the General to a large audience in the Presbyterian church at night, in which building a very useful Social meeting was held.

Vancouver in the Van.

The extraordinary interest which has sprung up in British Columbia in the General's visit, and especially in that part of it which relates to his Social Scheme, is bearing fruit as we write. Both at Victoria and Vancouver, the Commandant has seized the opportunity by the horns, and with Esau, McIntosh, and Adjutant Archibald, the District Officer, is having a 24-hour working day of it.

To-day (Tuesday) he returned from Vancouver, where, last night he held before the City Council a full description of our Shelters, their cost, and their methods. It was then moved by Ald. C. B. Brown, and seconded by Ald. McCrany, that after hearing the explanations from the Commandant of the Salvation Army in regard to a grant for the establishment of a Food and Shelter Home in this City, be it resolved that the incoming Council be asked to place a



PANDORA AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH.

VICTORIA (FRONT VIEW).

Some of the General's letters to the "Star" and "Freeman" of the Salvation Army.

sum on the estimates for the lecture scheme.

The Match that Lit the Torch

of action was applied by a great Social meeting held in the city on Saturday night. The General left Vancouver by

steamer early Saturday morning, crossing to the mainland and par with the English Channel stirring properties. At 10 were assembled hundreds of persons, who were as indifferent thick slush-carpet underfoot. Salvationists themselves. I sense of the Mayor, the surgeon, Mr. Brown, conv City's greetings to the General accompanied him to a house filled, and where six of welcome were read, that W. C. T. U., by the Lady Mrs. Brown.

"I hope to see all who Lord Jesus Christ joined to this great crusade to which been called," said the General. "You will all say that, or something akin to the time is coming when you say 'Amen' and 'Hallelujah!'"

At night in the commodious House, the General stirred the hearts and aroused the sympathies of audience as he handled the Social puzzles of the age, meeting down to the answer the straight question,

"What are You going

After words of kindest from Rev. L. Norman, Professor Odium, Rev. M. (Congregational) essayed to the company present. Their condition of the submerged by the General, was not of London, New York, or Chicago, there was one city to which there should be no slummers the city of Vancouver; yet had the poor, the hungry, the wretched, the homeless. The wanted to give General Duncanson to his question by resolution, to which he asked sent of the meeting.

"Having listened to the which has been outlined by Booth for the Social elevating poor, this meeting expressed vision that the necessity of a Food and Shelter, and itself to support any movement to the establishment of institution in our midst, nor our sympathies, but by personal help."

Rev. Coverdale Watson, seconded, and motion was carried. Rev. McLaren (chairman) tried, the General expressing satisfaction and the hope that would Shelter would be a success. The friendly attitude of Council certainly points in that direction.

Let no one dream that the gratifying as these manifestations of his social labors are to cease for a moment to saving of souls the Alpha of his visit to each centre was devoted to the glorious Opera House being taken day.

"If half a dozen Doctors have given you a certificate are hopeless, God and the Army can save you!" he hopefully assured his mortals, half a dozen of whom encouraged to test the Alpha God to save to the uttermost. The afternoon was a magnificent meeting; that at night by the largest gathering ever held in the city. The Opera House was ever full of people, and the ladies of the town and their ladies tent to secure seats way region of the "gods." Intense assemblage of religious and non-religious, poured the Holy Ghost lava volcanic heart.

"I feel just as much responsible," he cried, "as though this only chance you were ever saving your souls, and as were chosen to convey the same of you heard this talked about when you were girls far, far away from Victoria, that has his you, I have!"

But the victory was not All the available forces of faith had to be called up to before night resulted. The ing of a man and a woman singing Hallelujah! A she

steamer early Saturday morning. The crossing to the mainland was so a par with the English Channel for blue-stirring properties. At the wharf were assembled hundreds of spectators, who were as indifferent to the thick wash-carpet underfoot as the Salvationists themselves. In the absence of the Mayor, the senior Alderman, Mr. Brown, conveyed the City's greetings to the General, and accompanied him to a hall, which soon filled, and where his addresses of welcome were read, that from the W. C. T. U., by the Lady President, Mrs. Brown.

"I hope to see all who love the Lord Jesus Christ joined together in this great crusade to which we have been called," said the General, in his reply. "You will all say 'Amen' in that, or something akin to it. I hope the time is coming when you will all say 'Amen' and 'Hallelujah.'" (Cheers.)

At night in the commodious Opera House, the General thoroughly stirred the hearts and practically aroused the sympathies of a splendid audience as he handled the pressing Social puzzle of the ago, placing the meeting down to the answering of the straight question.

"What are You going to Do?"

After words of kindest commendation from Rev. L. Norrman Tucker and Professor Odium, Rev. Mr. Pedley (Congregationist) essayed to reply for the company present. The horrible condition of the submerged, pictured by the General, was not confined to London, New York, or Chicago. It there was one city to-day where there should be no immensity, it was the city of Vancouver; yet here they had the poor, the hungry, the destitute and the worthless. The speaker waited to give General Booth no answer to his question by proposing a resolution, to which he asked the assent of the meeting.

"Having listened to the scheme which has been outlined by General Booth for the Social elevation of the poor, this meeting expresses its conviction that the necessity for the establishment in the city of Vancouver, of a Food and Shelter, and pledges itself to support any movement tending to the establishment of such an institution in our midst, not only by our sympathies, but by practical financial help."

Rev. Coverdale Watson gladly seconded, and motion was put by the Rev. McLaren (chairman) and carried, the General expressing his satisfaction and the hope that the proposed shelter would be a great success. The friendly attitude of the Council certainly points in this direction.

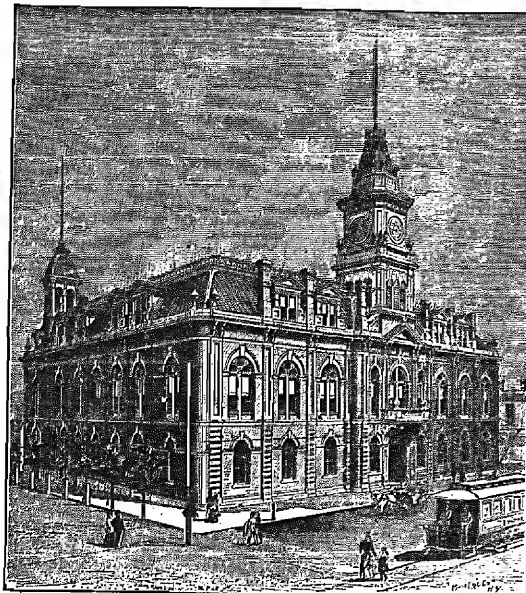
Let no one dream that the General, gratifying as these manifest efforts of his social labors are to him, ever ceases in a moment to make the saving of souls the Alpha and Omega of his visit to each centre. Sunday was devoted to the glorious business, the Opera House being taken for the day.

"If half a dozen Doctors of Divinity have given you a certificate that you are hopeless, God and the Salvation Army can save you!" the General hopefully assured his morning hearers, half a dozen of whom were encouraged to test the Almightiness of God to save to the uttermost.

The afternoon was a magnificently filled meeting; that at night probably the largest gathering Vancouver has ever furnished. Hundreds could not press their way in, for the walls were lined with standing folks. The big men of the town and their ladies were eager to secure seats way up in the region of the "gods." Into this miscellaneous assemblage of politicians and non-religiousists, the General poured the Holy Ghost lava from his volcanic heart.

"I feel just as much responsibility," he cried, "as though this were the only chance you were ever to have of saving your souls, and as if my life were chosen to convey the message. Some of you heard this Salvationist talk about when you were boys and girls far, far away from Vancouver, but it is now the worse for that. There, that has hit you, I know it has!"

But the victory was not yet won. All the available forces of prayer and faith had to be called up to the front before night fell. The volunteer of a man and a woman evoked a ringing Hallelujah! A sharp light



City Hall, Victoria.

Scene of the civic reception to the General, and presentation of ten addresses of welcome.

with the backslider and indifferent secured four others.

A Royal Reception to the Royal City

A FINE FIRST FUNCTION.

Penitentiary Tears.

A few miles only from Vancouver is the little town that joys in the above title. It's more prosaic name is New Westminster. An electric tram runs between the two, probably the most extraordinary tram line in the world, for it cuts clean through dense backwoods which look a fitting home only for the grizzly bear and his kin and kin. Magnificent forest giants lo where they fell, rotting in very abundance of timber.

There were few signs of life on the snowy streets as our advance guard detrained, but in the course of an hour, a good proportion of the inhabitants were on the quiver for the General's coming, in the forefront being Mr. Mayor, but three hours elected to the office. We take it as a happy omen to his first public function should have been to introduce the great Social Reformer, who is just now stirring the territory. This Mr. Shiloh did at the Opera House the plainest and most primitive of structures, but well peopled on Tuesday afternoon.

There were several addresses read, including one from the medical fraternity of the town, and another signed by 100 merchants, all breathing the most friendly sentiments.

The General has never had a more closely attentive audience than the one which filled the Opera House after tea, and listened to him for an hour and three-quarters without a sign of flagging interest. Our own dear comrades, some of them, had come in from the mountains, distances of thirty miles or so. Indeed, it seemed as if all who could possibly turn out on such a night had come together. Principal Whittington capably presided.

The land question is one which touches New Westminster in a sore place, evidently. They are feeling the smart of the land grabber. So

"The Land for the People"

was enthusiastically applauded, and readily taken to be the solution for the crying ill so eloquently voiced by the General.

A cold, sleeky morning was that of Tuesday, and his Staff were congratulating the General and themselves that the programme contained no public engagement between getting-up time and the time of depart-

ure at 2 p.m. Eleven o'clock had not passed, however, before a messenger came with the news that the General had acceded to a request to speak to the prisoners at the Penitentiary. Thither we hurried and were glad of it afterwards.

There are 102 men inmates of this establishment, serving sentences ranging from two years to life periods. Seventy or eighty of these assembled in the little white-washed meeting room, well fed and well clothed, we should say, but crime-marked, many of them, in no unmarked manner. Two or three colored men, and half a dozen Chinese, were among the prisoners.

To this sad-eyed audience Colonel Lawley sang sweetly of the One Who had "Sang a poor sinner like me," with words of assurance for all who would come to Him for the same purpose.

With words of wisdom and tenderness, the General opened further the door of hope, a hope which included the present life, but also stretched away into eternity, pressing for an immediate decision, that whether those prison gates might ever enclose them or not, they would secure the glorious freedom of God's Salvation, with its accompaniments of joy, peace, and usefulness, even in their dungeons. Tears followed, blessed tears, from, perhaps, long dried-up fountains, telling of chords touched and vibrating, and which, as we joined in the General's beautiful prayer, faith claimed, should know no ceasing till they merged into the full-toned note "Saved."

TO ALL ATTENDING

THE GENERAL'S MEETINGS

TORONTO.

Reduced rate tickets can be had, single fare, for the return journey, from all points on the C.P.R. and G.T.R.

Officers must be careful to get a Certificate when purchasing their ticket, otherwise they will not be able to get the cheap rate.

Western Warblings.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Your humble servant is shut up in the house at present, so that all he can do is to pray for all hands, which he does.

Brother K. of N. knows how to rejoice in time of tribulation. This is what his commanding officer writes about him: "Some parties stole 300 dollars' worth of wheat out of his granary, but Brother K. is dancing happy over it. The same officer writes regarding the meetings at his corps: 'This week we had two more 'kickers,' and some others are in as good pickle.' The kickers are known up this way as those who have deserted the flag."

Right glad we were to see dear old Staff Captain Jewer. But where has all his flesh gone? Flesh or no flesh, fat or thin, he is the same happy, live, go-ahead, Salvationist. It does one good to rub up against such desperadoes. Then we were none the less pleased to see "Johnny" Easby McMillan. Oh that we could have gone through to the Coast with the Commandant and his staff. Mrs. Read was delighted at the chance of going. And oh, what a heap of provisions the different F.O.s carried on the train at the towns where the S.A. is located. The railway conductor was so tickled over it.

We had a happy little time at Portage at the wedding of Brother Sewin and Sister Collier. The Town Hall was comfortably filled with an interested crowd of people, and the "I wills" were distinctly and earnestly spoken. It was a happy affair indeed. Then the banquet was a topper. Portage is looking up and it would amuse readers to see little Ernest Elliott do a war dance. God bless the Portage braves!

Yes, Major Halpin, of the States, was not a complete stranger to me. Over ten years ago, when in training at Chelton, I remember he was stationed as Captain at Wainwright, London. Those were tough times. Though years have rolled away since that time, I am glad to shake his hand at the Winnipeg depot on the occasion of his passing through to his home at Philadelphia.

Now a few para showing the interest in the dear General's visit. I gather them from different letters received.

"I shall be very glad to attend General Booth's meeting here."—Thus writes the Hon. Maitland, of Regina. "I shall be pleased to preside at the General's meeting, and also to have him as my honored guest." This is from the pen of Lieut.-Governor Macintosh, of Regina.

I shall be pleased to entertain General Booth and his staff.—Hon. Clifford Sifton, Brandon.

The Hon. Robert Watson, Minister of Public Works, Manitoba, writes: "I will assist in every way I can to make the General's visit pleasant. I am satisfied that the more the public know of his good work the more it will be appreciated. Wishing the Army a pleasant and profitable New Year."

The Hon. Mr. Davie, Premier of British Columbia, said he would have much pleasure in taking the chair at the General's Social meeting.

"I shall be pleased to take part in the General's Winnipeg meeting, were it only to express my appreciation of the great work and remarkable achievements of your leader—General Booth—but official business will render it necessary for me to be absent in the East."—The Hon. Clifford Sifton.

"Hoping that the General's visit to Winnipeg will be successful and pleasant."—The Hon. T. Greenway, Premier Manitoba.

And soon, I presume, it will be "Fairwell, North-West, a long farewell!"

How They Die.

"The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven we spend,
For ever and ever shall last."

A "War Cry" Song Writer Tunes Her
Harp to Heavenly Pitch and soars
away on Christmas Night.

PETERBORO.—Death had no sting for our comrade, Poille Lytle, who was called home to Heaven on Christmas night. He who came to take away sin—the sting of death—had completed the work in her heart.

From the night she gave her heart to God, about two years ago, up to the hour of her death, it could be truly said, that by her good works she

Glorified Her Father

in Heaven. Her greatest regret was that her strength of body would not allow her to do more for God. I had the privilege of visiting her many times while on her sick bed, and a more glorious death I never attended.

She sent for me some time before she died, and told me to tell the soldiers to be true to God and the Army, and when they came to die they would not regret it.

She was so happy when asked if she was afraid to die, that she said, "No more than to walk out to the kitchen." She said she would be in Heaven for Christmas, and that would be else.

The Lord Enabled

her to do something for Him even on her death-bed. One night she sent for a comrade who had wandered, and pleaded with her to get right and to fill her place on the platform. Another night she called them all in to the room and asked every one that was saved to hold up her hand. On seeing that one sister did not hold up her hand she talked to her till she got her down on her knees; then asked her father and mother, who are both Christians, to pray for her. She would often sing as her strength would allow her, "The Waters of Jordan May Roll," and "My Jesus I Love Thee."

After an illness of three weeks she passed away.

The last thing she did was to pray for a comrade that God would bless and keep her true.

She died happy in the Lord.

It was her wish to have an Army funeral, so we met at the house for a short service, then we marched to the Barracks.

At the close of the meeting, many stood to their feet and promised to meet our comrade in Heaven.

We then formed in line, the band to the front, then the bearers, six in each, with white sashes, with the coffin; then the mourners, and a long line of soldiers.

At the grave we sang

"I'll be True, Lord, to Thee."

At the memorial service on Sunday night the Barracks was full. Many were moved to tears, dinners were held to think of eternity, and

Six Cried for Mercy.

We miss our comrade, but rejoice to know she is safely landed.

FRANK MC DONALD.

A Convert of Self-Denial Week.

BROTHER JOE LALONDE, of Gananoque Corps, was converted the first day of Self-Denial Week three years ago.

He was brought up in the faith of the Catholic Church, in which he continued, until he knelt at the Army altar, when the Lord saved his soul. He then went to with all his strength and talent to be a soul-winner, and was shortly after enrolled, and in full uniform.

God blessed and used him in the corps in many ways to cheer and help others, and by leading some to the mercy seat. Our worthy bandman, Bro. Liddle, was helped by him to the Lord.



OUR LATE COMRADE, BROTHER JOE LALONDE, OF GANANOQUE.

Mrs. Lalonde, being a soldier,

Their Little Myrtle

was dedicated to God in the Army about this time. Things went on happily until sickness came in the home; then, being unable to get to meetings, coldness came over his soul, which suffered as well as his body; then the world came in, and for a few months our brother was in heart a backslider. Again sickness came upon him, but not thought by himself or wife to be serious, we visited him, but he was unwilling to pray; we again visited him; at the third visit, having strong hopes of recovery, he said he was praying and believing.

The writer had occasion to be away from the town for two weeks, and was much surprised to learn on our return that his end was near, but found him trusting in God, who had saved his soul, and made him ready to die. Before passing away he asked his wife to be true and meet him in Heaven.

We gave him a real Army funeral.

Buried in His Army Suit.

Ensign McGillivray conducted the meeting. Though a bitter cold day our hall was full. At the memorial service two sons came forward. Since then Brigadier Scott has visited the corps, and dedicated two months' old Ida May Lalonde to the Lord. Willet Brigadier and the mother spoke, many were moved to tears. The following night a man and his wife came to the mercy seat. We have had several souls since then.

CAPTAIN DAVIES.

THE Land of Evangeline.

(Continued.)

Arrived at our destination, Canning (Brigade No. 3) we introduced you to Sister Brown, who for seven years has been a soldier at Canning, and who at present takes charge of the War Cry. You find yourself in the midst of a warm-hearted crowd of soldiers.

The first one to testify is Mother Refuse. She tells what God has done for her. As you view her massive frame, you observe there is just 225 pounds of salvation.

The next one to testify is Brother John Kane, who at one time was a drunkard. God gave him power over his appetites, and Glory John rejoices in the fact that drink and sin has no hold upon him.

You are introduced to Brother Oscar Vaughan, the smallest man in Canning, exactly

Forty-Eight Inches High,

who simply compels you, by his look and manner, to listen to him as he tells that although he is only a small man, he was a great sinner, but he found a mighty Saviour, who has thoroughly saved him.

"Smiling Sue," or Sister Mallog, has walked two miles to meetings. Sister Mallon smiles all day long.

The meeting over, you are hustled off unceremoniously by the Landlady to visit a sick woman. On the way the Landlady makes the walk short by telling you the circum-

stances under which she was visited and converted.

A few weeks ago, a convert of the Canning Corps told the Landlady that a woman was very sick with typhoid fever, and had no one to visit her, or speak to her, except her husband, and the doctor, who had not much hope of her recovery, and thus the poor woman was dying, with no one to speak to her about God. The Landlady made up her mind to go and try to see the poor woman. He went.

He will not forget that visit for some time. How God laid the burden of that woman's soul upon him as he knelt by her bedside, praying, pleading, reading and singing, with a Bible in one hand and a fan in the other. God helped him, and the woman repented, prayed, and God gave her a clear and bright experience.

On the way to Bro. Kinsman's, you are simply amazed with the beautiful moonlight scene, the beautiful farm-houses, the magnificent orchards in the summer, heavily laden with some of the best apples grown in the Dominion. The North Mountain to the left of you, while to the right lies the Canning river. On the opposite side of the river, the lights of the little village, under an echeant view to the scene.

After we have put our war steed in the barn, we walk into the kitchen, where Brother Kinsman, from before the warm fire, bids you welcome, and his wife,

Dressed in Salvation Army

uniform, bustles around in such a cheery way, that you immediately feel at home among them.

After partaking of the milk and cake, you retire for the night. In the morning you find yourself gazing on one of the largest and best farms in that part of the country. Mr. Kinsman is owner and manager of it. Breakfast over again, the war chariot is brought to the door, and off we start for Kingsport, (Irregular Fort No. 5) which is a beautiful, plain little village, where American tourists pass away the summer days.

On the opposite side of the river from Kingsport lies the town of Wolfville, the seat of learning for Nova Scotia. At a short distance from which Colonel Noble and his band of seventy English soldiers were surprised during a blinding snow-storm and cruelly massacred by Indians. Colonel Noble died fighting to the last, clad in nothing but his night shirt.

Then we came to Woodside, directly under the shade of the North Mountain.

While we were gazing in awe up to the summit of the mountain, our horse, who has been moving smartly over the road, suddenly and without permission, makes a sudden turn to the right, when we find ourselves in the yard of our dear old friend, Brother Wood, who comes out to welcome us and give us a hearty invitation to dinner, which, after our horse has had a pair of oats eat before her, we heartily partake of.

(To be continued.)

MISSING COLUMN.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — By J. B. Russell, formerly resident for short periods in Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and New York. Will all persons having any claim against the above J. B. Russell, please send in writing particulars of their claims to the undersigned, who has a proposal for settlement will be submitted. Address: David C. Lamb, care Ensign Department, Salvation Army, 261 Victoria street, Toronto, Ont.

1482. TURNER, MRS. WM. (nee Mary Trebett.) In 1887 was living with her husband and six children in Ontario. Last address in 1888, Curry, P. O., Ont. Then said she should be moving about twenty miles away. News anxiously sought.

1483. SLENER, WM. Left Scotland twelve years ago for America. Last letter written in May, 1892, from Victoria, B. C., when he said he had joined the Salvation Army. Age 32. Auburn hair, grey eyes, medium height. One of twins born at Cosh-rinch, Dec. 17th, 1859. Father enquires.

1484. PALMER, MARY. Who left her home, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 24th, 1894. Is asked by her anxious parents to return or to write to D. H. Watt, solicitor, 84 1-2 King St. east, Toronto.

1487. PARROTT, MR. and MRS. Last seen in 1879 at Winchester, Hampshire, Eng., when see R. E. Riffes came home from the Ashanti war. Their nephew, Frank Victor Allen, is very anxious to hear from them. Address, City Hospital, Vancouver, B. C. U. S. and English Corps please copy.

1491. YOUNG, DAVID. When last heard of was in Dubin, Ireland. Age, 65. Occupation, rope manufacturer. Mr. James Corbett, Orangeville, Ont., is anxious to hear from him. English Corps please copy.

1491. LITTLE, GEORGE. Last heard of in 1878. Then living at St. Joseph Island, Algoma, Canada. Age, 48; dark brown eyes and hair; light complexion; height, 5 ft. 7 in. His sister enquires.

1492. BLAKEMORE, AMY. When last heard of twelve months ago, she was living at 393 Smeace street, London, Ont. Age, 19; light complexion, rather stout; height, 4 feet. Her mother is anxious.

1493. STRETTON, ROWLAND GEORGE. Sailed for Canada on April 12th, 1894. His mother is anxious for news. Age, 21 years; stout build; height, 5 feet 10 inches; auburn hair; grey eyes. When a boy he lost his finger nail through illness. He is an agricultural laborer.

1494. HAMMILL, CHARLES A. Has not been heard of since June, 1894. His last address was Care Mr. W. McLaw, Esq., 64 Council Street, Montreal.

1496. WAG, SYDNEY JOHN. Supposed to be in Winnipeg, Man. Age, 20; fair hair, height 5 feet, 5 inches. Rather stout. His mother is anxious.

1497. PACKARD, ROBERT L. Age, 28; height, 5 feet 8 inches; light brown hair, dark brown eyes. His last address was Regina Hotel, Vancouver, B. C. (two years ago) last October. The proprietress is said to be Mrs. S. Barr, late of Winnipeg.

1498. HUTLEY, BENJAMIN CHAR. Left England in 1870 for America. Last heard of in 1873, when his letters were addressed Parker Post-office, Wellington County, Ontario. His niece enquires.

1499. MILLER, JAMES. An Englishman, age, 44 years; height, 5 feet 2 inches; light hair; height, 5 feet 2 inches; stout build. Left Winnipeg for Vancouver eight years ago. Usually attends S. A. meetings. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please write Ensign Department, 261 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

MARY PALMER, aged 18 years, left her home, Spadina avenue, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, June 21. If she will write to D. H. Watt, solicitor, 84 1-2 King street east, Toronto, she will hear of something to her advantage. All Corps please copy without fail.

1501. MCCALL, JOHN ARTHUR. Last heard of in September, 1893, when he was working in one of the largest printing offices in Chicago. Last known address, 280 North Clark street. Information earnestly sought.

1500. CRANHAM, ANNIE LOUISE. Age, 21; fair. Supposed to be at one of the Salvation Army Corps, Toronto. Sister enquires.

1490. WOOTTON, JOSEPH. Last address, S. A. Lieutenant, Toronto. Left there with the intention of going to Stratigraphy, Englishman. His parents are anxious to hear from him.

"Who can figure up or weigh the good accomplished by the soldier and his wife over land and sea, the ever-present suffering comforted, the ignorant taught, the sin-stricken pointed to 'the Land of God' Who dwells away the rim of the world?"

DAY DAWN!

Competition Lists

500 Increase in East.

CHAPTER I

Risers.

The East is getting a move on, we hope they will keep moving in right direction. Captain Byer Frederickton, starts off with one hundred increase. Just fancy! Who thought it of Frederickton? But there they are, leading the van he is practically now even with tain Green, of New Westminster, which is the Sixth Corps number. If I were in your boots, Capt. of New Westminster, I would move on by an immediate increase. Who knows but what there may be a letter desiring an increase already on the road to the Trade Secretary.

Next comes Ensign Desbrisay, Yarmouth, with an increase of Well done, Ensign, that makes even with the gallant Two Hundred. There are now five Knights of hundreds, and I propose that should fight it out straight, who is the best of them by a large margin each other. If the lot would allow me to let, I would bet my best pair of boots that sign Alkenhead is going to lick wide lot. Now watch whether right or not.

The third riser is Ensign Bradley of Moncton. He is getting out of horse affairs and hitches on a stand. This makes him a partner in the "aristocratic pushers," increases the Cry 40, which him a total order of 120. Well Ensign Bradley. Between you and me, Ensign, we will hear of further increases yet, I believe. See Ensign McDonald, of Peterboro, 125. If you put on another 10 will jump right over Peterboro get ahead of them.

Next are five increases of 25. Captain McLeann, of Woodstock, Captain Jennings, St. John, Ill.; sign Gage, Halifax, I.; Captain sign Gage, Halifax, I.; and Mrs. Cooper, of Windsor, N. S.; This means Ensign Gage leaves Two Hundred and takes his with the few choice 225's. Who Ensign Lowry will be content to even with him I doubt very much. But put on a few extras and ahead again, Ensign Gage. She'll it, that's a sure case.

Captain Jennings jumped up next Prince Albert, which gets 175. One Hundred and Fifty's are scattered to the winds. Ensign Gage, St. John, I., exchanges place with Captain Jennings. Captain ferson is on a level with Captain nings, and Mrs. Major Cooper is up quite a few places in the list is now even with Edmonton Peterboro.

Ensign Galt, of Charlottetown, lately raises another 20. This makes 135, and makes her an equal of sign Frith, of Ligar Street. No do not think these two will agree the same step! There will be a competition, and it is hard to who will take the first move to ahead. Just let us keep an eye on these two gallant Amazons. Captain Fanny, of Amherst, N. S., also creases 20.

The following corps increase: Annapolis, Bridgewater, L. pool, North Sydney, Pictou, N. Scotland, Truro and Westville. Increase of five copies has been received from St. Stephen, Georgetown, Summerside, Lunenburg, Parrsboro, Hantsboro, and La Tete. 7. As coming on slow but sure, and knows but the Eastern Province beat every other Province hollow.

CHAPTER II

Two Horse Corps.

Corps taking from 75 to 95 C. Ensign, Rossie Backhouse Westville, Captain Campbell

CHAPTER I.

Rivers.

CHAPTER II.
The Horse and Carriage.

Corps taking from 75 to 95 Crya	
Barrio, Ensign Blackburn	95
Westville, Captain Campbell	90

1. Champions, being the three first corps in the field.
2. The War Cry Colonels, being the next three best corps.

Mrs. McCoy, cakes and buns; Friend, flour and raisins; Mr. Wylie, bread; St. Ann's Market, meat; Messrs. Joyce, cake and buns; Mountain Street Market, meat; Mr. Alrd, bread and buns; Friend, raisins and apples; Mr. Sandburn, coffee; Mr. Brown, ton of coal; Mr. Morris, one piece of slate; one piece cotton; Mr. Burland, one turkey one goose.

Send for Free Price List, 1933, to the

7 Crates, \$1 - - 3 Crates. 50c
Single Crates, 19c. Each.
Tst. 501.

The Sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army!

THE GENERAL

SECOND CANADIAN CAMPAIGN

THE GENERAL

THE COMMANDANT,

Colonel Lawley (the General's A.D.C.), Major Malan, Staff-Captain Jewer, Ensign McMillan, and Captain Taylor (British "War Cry" Representative), are Campaigning as follows:

BERLIN,	Thursday, January 24th (Afternoon)
GUELPH,	Thursday, " 24th (Night)
PALMERSTON	Friday, " 25th (Afternoon)
LISTOWELL	Friday, " 25th (Night)
STRATFORD,	Saturday, " 26th (Afternoon)
LONDON,	Sun. & Mon., " 27th & 28th
ST. THOMAS,	Tuesday, " 29th
WINDSOR,	Wednesday, " 30th

CHATHAM,	Thursday, January 31st
INGERSOLL,	Friday, February, 1st (Afternoon)
WOODSTOCK,	Friday, " 1st (Night)
HAMILTON,	Sat. (Night), Sun. & Mon., " 2nd, 3rd & 4th
GALT,	Tuesday, " 5th (Afternoon)
BRANTFORD,	Tuesday, " 5th (Night)
TORONTO,	Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., February 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th.

Tune—Lamb Chord.

1. Bayside, all my heart I yield Thee,
Thine for ever now I'll be;
Thine to do or Thine to suffer,
Thine for all eternity.

CHORUS.

Thine I'll live, and Thine I'll die;
Thine I'll dwell with Thee on high;
Up in heaven among the free
I shall spend eternity.

Thine to follow where Thou leadest,
Thine a warrior brave I'll be;
Thine my time, and Thine my talents,
Thine for all eternity.

Thine to help to raise the fallen,
Thine to set the captive free;
Thine to tell of Thy salvation,
Thine for all eternity.

Thine, dear Saviour, Thine entirely,
From the world, oh, keep me free;
Help me slow to those around me,
I am Thine eternally.

"It is human nature to sing and to
play when our feelings are of the very
deepest."

Tune—Hallelujah, I love Thee, my Saviour!

2. Linger at the Cross of Jesus, the Saviour,
Now lay down thy burden, and seek the blood favor;
From sin a dreadful doom that is laid for ever,
Turn to Christ, He'll take you in.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
He waits to receive thee;
From thy burden, from thy burden,
His grace will set thee free.
Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Lest the spirit should leave thee
To grope in the darkness till death sends thy doom.

Though thy sins be great, and deep-dyed as crimson,
Jesus now can make thee whiter than snow;
How the blood atonement for every transgression,
Plunge within the sin-cleansing flow.

Millions in the blood have washed their robes spot-
less,
Millions now have reached that bright, happy
shore;
In the cleansing fountain still there is virtue,
Pardon flows for millions more.

MRS. PARR, Woodstock.

"With Gospel arrows winged with song
we have penetrated the inaccessible, scaled
the slippery walls of unbelief, or repel-
lant pride, performing the impossible."

Tune—Bright crown. (B.J., 50.)

3. On Thee alone, dear Lord, we trust,
No other help would do;
Thou art indeed to us enough,
Thy grace can bring us through.
(Repeat last line.)

CHORUS.

We're right, we're right,
The wrong is now put right;
No more we sigh, for Thou art right,
The wrong is now put right.

I once was lost by Satan's snare,
And overpowered by his spell;
But Jesus in His mercy came,
And rescued me from hell.

I'll witness to all mankind,
That other souls may hear;
Who seeks the Lord shall surely find,
He saves from sin and fear.

SOLDIER H. STAN, New Westminster.

"In no case is the music of the Army
allowed any place as a means of display."

STAFF-CAPTAIN SLATER.

Tune—We're marching to Zion.

4. A soldier I will be,
A soldier brave and true;
I'll stand for Thee wherever I be;
I'll stand for Thee wherever I be;
Beneath the Army flag,
The yellow, red, and blue.

CHORUS.

I'll be, Lord, I'll be, Lord,
A Salvation soldier I'll be, Lord. Repeat

The gurney and the esp,
And tunic I will wear,
And let my life be lived for Thee;
And let my life be lived for Thee;
Until I leave this world, and dwell
With Thee up there.

CHORUS.

I'll wear, Lord, I'll wear, Lord,
A Salvation gurnsey I'll wear, Lord. Repeat

The bonnet and the dress,
With cheerfulness I'll wear;
I will not fear to speak Thy name;
I will not fear to speak Thy name.
Both in the hall and house,
Or in the open air.

CHORUS.

I'll wear, Lord, I'll wear, Lord,
The Salvation bonnet I'll wear, Lord. Repeat

To spread salvation news,
The War Cry I will sell;
Into saloons and stores I'll go;
Into saloons and stores I'll go;
And push the glorious news,
And full salvation swell.

CHORUS.

I'll sell, Lord, I'll sell, Lord,
The War Cry I will sell, Lord. Repeat

LIEUTENANT H. LISTON,
Workmen's Hotel, London.

"The deepest joy and the deepest sorrow
of the human heart both seek their satis-
faction in a song."

Tune—Oh, the soldier! (B.J., 60.)

5. When my poor heart was black with sin,
To Jesus I did go;
And He did freely take me in,
And washed it white as snow.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, to me so dear,
Washing now from guilt and fear;
Cleansing now my heart within;
Making free from self and sin.

And when the path I tread is dark
To guide me all the way;
He shelters me from every storm
And keeps me day by day.

Blind, this loving Saviour waits,
Oh, come to Him today;
His blood can wash your black heart white,
He'll take your sin away.
SOLDIER HAY LAMB, Peterboro.

"The song of the Lamb is the anthem
of the skies."

Tune—They're all gone.

6. I oft recall the dreadful days of revelry and
wrong,
When in my heart the devil reigned, and passion
danced and strong;
A life of slavery I lived, enthralled by Satan's voice,
But Jesus knocked the shackles off, and not a weight
remains.

ORIGINAL CHORUS.

They're all gone—gone away from me,
All gone, right into the sea;
My sins are taught, constant fear upon me of the Judge-
ment throne.

But once the blood has cleansed me, and they're all
gone.
The Army when it came along, was not the thing for
me;
I thought myself above them, though as bad as bad
can be;

But when the Holy Spirit strove, convincing me of
sin,
My passions flew away as Jesus entered in.

My comrades here on every hand can testify the same.
For they, like me, have been set free from fear, and
sin and shame.

Their lives are hard, their trials keen, and many a
cross have they;
But the Lord of glory is good for good, and they're
happy all the day.

"Everybody allows that one of the main
sources of our success has been the enlisting
into the cause of the Kingdom the constant
assistance of lively music, and by the
adaptation of popular airs to holy words."

Tune—British Land so bright and fair (B.J., 106);

7. I have a home so wonderful fair,
On the grace of God, (B.J., 44.)
That I with Jesus Christ will share;
Thus all in general, and in bright,
And God's own promise makes it light.

CHORUS.

My heavenly home, my heavenly home,
Where there are no more tears or pain;
There all in general, and in bright,
There God's own promise makes it light.

That home is free from toil and care,
No pain nor sorrow enters there;
No tears of sadness dim the eye,
In that bright land above the sky.

The spirit is at peace with patient gold,
The gates of pearl, which wide unfold,
Are open now for even me,
And I my Saviour soon will see.

SOLDIER JAMES ANDERSON,

Newcastle, N.B.

"Music is a manner of expression to
which the human heart has instinctive
revert when it is under any very deep
feeling."

Tune—Confession. (B.J., 74.)

8. Come, sinners, turn to Jesus now,
He waits to pardon all;
He'll give you grace, He'll give you power,
To follow at His call.

CHORUS.

There is no other argument,
There is no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for thee.

Your moral ways, your heart belief,
Your life—your good deeds all,
Will never help you and relief,
You must obey the call.

Though vile a sinner you may be,
And sin be mounting high,
Just now there's a pardon full and free,
For Jesus died for all.

LIEUTENANT G. SMITH, Wyoming.

"Many a dart of conviction, carried
by a simple chorus, has been wasted to its
lodgment in an unknown breast. Results
we shall never know until the Judgment."

Tune—I am clinging to the Cross. (B.J., 115.)

9. Oh, wandering one, so far away,
From God Who loves you best;
You'd better come without delay,
And end in Him your rest.

CHORUS.

You are drifting down to hell,
You are drifting down to hell;
You are drifting down to hell,
With the lost ones there to dwell.

You are drifting down to hell,
You are drifting down to hell;
You are drifting down to hell,
With the lost ones there to dwell.

How will you do when death's cold hand,
Shall embrace you then,
And you are forced to pass away
In darkness, fear and pain?

Ah, then will be the testing time,
When you are called to stand
Before the great white throne of God,
And bow at His command.

Secure last then too oft should seem
His love so full and free,
Then rush down to your soul
Through all eternity.

MARCH MONROE, Vernon, B.C.

"Oh, what thousands have been con-
verted by the instrumentality of Salvation
Army songs! The freedom, the life, the
direction, the actual living expression in
the spiritual appeals."

Tune—Oh, the future lies before me, or, How rest
the foundation. (B.J., 125.)

10. Yes, I often sit and wonder,
As the days pass swiftly by,
Of the precious souls in darkness,
Quickly hastening to die.

How can I ever hope to see them,
Drinking with the tide of sin;
To be as one who has been saved,
Knowing not when life shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, the homeless, homeless million,
Drifting down to dark despair;
Fill our hearts, O Lord, with grace,
Help us feel their need and care!

How their blessed God gives them,
For deliverance will be ours;
And the voice of God no longer,
To their hearts will speak no more.

Shall they die without salvation,
Shall they die without mercy?
To God a bar across our way,
To hell a bridge with every cry.

Shall we sinners who have been saved,
From a life of sin and woe,
Sit at ease, and watch the millions
Down to judgment bound and free?

No, my Lord, we'll rise, go forward,
With hearts filled with love to the slain;
Till those of Thy love down
Dance before Thy throne.